2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
SM3 Caingang SM3
Aweikoma

It may be that the

use of the leg instead of the thigh is due in the case of men to their wearing trousers and in the case of women to their unwillingness, since they have begun to wear dresses, to impair their newly acquired modesty by lifting them above their knees.

A Kaingáng Bridge

Two trees (A and B) are felled on opposite banks of the stream so that they will fall into it, and posts (C) are sunk on the downstream side to keep the trees from being carried away. A third log (D) is lashed to A and B just above the surface of the water. Then three sets of tall uprights (E) are sunk into the stream bed on either side of A and B and tied together at the top. At the bottom they are united by horizontal boughs (F) that pass across the top of D. A bough (G) is laid on either side of D and lashed to F. These structures, D and G, form the gangway. Now railings are made by tying long boughs (H) to E on both sides.

Ornaments

Lip Plugs

The Kaingáng no longer wear lip plugs. These were usually made from pine knots but some men preferred beef bone.[16] Still others liked to slip a fine deer bone over the pine-knot plug. There was a considerable amount of individual variation in the shape of the plugs, and the members of some extended families were distinguished by the shape of their lip plugs.

Dance Ornaments

These are made only for baby blackenings.

kôndjdidn are, as the name implies, sticks about three feet long covered with feathers and stuck in the ground around the dance circle. Near the top they are provided with a tiny plaited square or disk and are usually surmounted by feathers. In making these ornaments the men do not try to surpass one another in originality, and all the *kôndjdidn* are very much alike. The most striking innovation at the blackening that I witnessed was that of Chukembégn, who put the tail of a tesoureiro on top of his *kôndjdidn* instead of the usual feather.

Lu are made of small basketlike objects set on the ends of poles about thirty feet long and set up on the dance ground. As the festivities mount they are lifted out of their holes and carried around on the shoulders of the men.

Smaller *lu*, about eight inches long, are held in the hand.

[16] Obtained from cattle killed in raids on the Brazilians.

2: Henry E-5 (1932-1934) 1941
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After the feast the *patthéyé* and the piece of the umbilical cord that was attached to the mother are wrapped with herbs and thrown into the water. Some time after this the child is given a name, but there is no ceremony of name-giving. 852

The Baby Blackening (Waichēdn)

This was the most joyful ceremony of the Kaingáng. Every few years, whenever there were enough children to warrant a baby-blackening, a large number of the people of one extended family used to come together in a big camp. While the men with children to blacken went out with their brothers and first cousins to get honey for beer, the others made dance ornaments[47] and hunted. The Kaingáng[48] cannot restrain themselves as the day of the festa draws near, and night after night as the beer ferments the men walk back and forth across the camp circle carrying their babies on their backs and singing. When at last the beer is *thō* the women paint their husbands with a black mixture made of charcoal and the sticky sap of a tree and stick feathers in it, and the men put little square hats of embira bark on their heads and wide bark belts around their waists, with bark tassels hanging down. Some of the belts are painted with black paint or animals' blood in crude designs that represent nothing at all. Now some men and women pass around the beer while the men stand or sit and sing, beating time by pounding on the ground with their clubs and lances. When the men have been singing awhile their wives come and stand or sit behind them, moving their arms slowly up and down in time to the music. Everyone sings as he chooses and as loud as he can, while clusters of young men stand around the older ones to try to learn the songs. There is no attempt to achieve harmony—everyone sings a different song, self-centered, musically oblivious to his surroundings. As they stand shaking their rattles or pounding their weapons on the ground—dancing, the Kaingáng call it—they stop from time to time to drink the beer. All day long and until late at night they drink while the women now stand, now sit, beside them, drinking beer, nursing babies, cooking food, eating, mourning, singing, quarreling. Every once in a while a group of men and women break out of the circle, grasp the *kǒndjdidn* and the *lu*, and walk across and around the dance circle in a confused singing knot, drunk, intense, and unsteady. This staggering around the circle is called dancing [386] [293] [386]

[47] See Appendix I, p. 171.

[48] Since the Kaingáng abandoned their lip plugs a number of years ago *waichēdn* has been given up. What follows is based on observations made at a *waichēdn* that was arranged for me. The actual piercing of the lip was done against my wishes and over my protest.